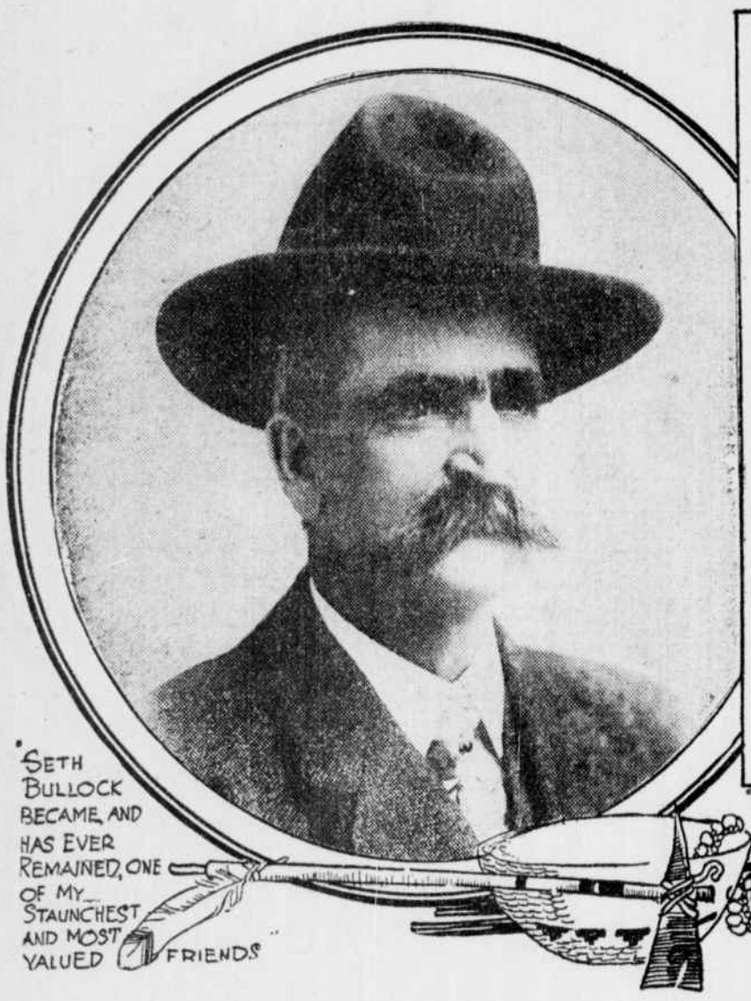
MR. ROOSEVELT RECALLS DAYS AND SCENES IN "WILD WEST"



SETH BULLOCK BECAME, AND HAS EVER REMAINED, ONE OF MY STAUNCHEST AND MOST VALUED FRIENDS

"WHEN I SERVED AS DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR THE NORTHERN END OF OUR COUNTRY."

"AS HE RODE TOWARD ME I HALTED HIM AT A FAIR DISTANCE AND ASKED HIM WHAT HE WANTED."

The Vigorous and Often Vicious Activities of Indians, Rustlers and Stranglers Are Described in This Instalment of the Ex-President's Memoirs—Early Experiences in Hunting Big Game and Service as Deputy Sheriff.

WHEN I went West the last great Indian wars had just come to an end, but there were still sporadic outbreaks here and there, and occasionally bands of marauding young braves were a menace to outlying and lonely settlements. Many of the white men were themselves lawless and brutal and prone to commit outrages on the Indians. Unfortunately, each race tended to hold all the members of the other race responsible for the misdeeds of a few, so that the crime of the miscreant, red or white, who committed the original outrage too often invited retaliation upon entirely innocent people, and this action would in its turn arouse bitter feeling which found vent in still more indiscriminate retaliation. The first year I was on the Little Missouri some Sioux bucks ran off all the horses of a buffalo hunter's outfit. One of the buffalo hunters tried to get even by stealing the horses of a Cheyenne hunting party, and when pursued made for a cow camp, with, as a result, a long range skirmish between the cowboys and the Cheyennes. One of the latter was wounded; but this particular wounded man seemed to have more sense than the other participants in the chain of wrongdoing and discriminated among the whites. He came into our camp and had his wound dressed.

RANCH ON DEADWOOD TRAIL.

A year later I was at a desolate little mud road ranch on the Deadwood trail. It was kept by a very capable and very forceful woman, with sound ideas of justice and abundantly well able to hold her own. Her husband was a worthless devil, who finally got drunk on some whiskey he obtained from an outfit of Missouri bull-whackers—that is, freighters, driving ox wagons. Under the stimulus of the whiskey he picked a quarrel with his wife and attempted to beat her. She knocked him down with a stove lid lifter, and the admiring bull-whackers bore him off, leaving the lady in full possession of the ranch. When I visited her she had a man named Crow Joe working for her, a slab-sided, shifty-eyed person, who, later, as I heard my foreman explain, "skipped the country with a bunch of horses." The mistress of the ranch made first class buckskin shirts of great durability. The one she made for me, and which I used for years, was used by one of my sons in Arizona a couple of winters ago. I had ridden down into the country after some lost horses, and visited the ranch to get her to make me the buckskin shirt in question. There were, at the moment, three Indians there, Sioux, well behaved and self-respecting, and she explained to me that they had been resting there waiting for dinner and that a white man had come along and tried to run off their horses. The Indians were on the lookout, however, and, running out, they caught the man; but, after retaking their horses and depriving him of his gun, they let him go. "I don't see why they let him go," exclaimed my hostess. "I don't believe in stealing Indians' horses any more than white folks'; so I told 'em they could go along and hang him—I'd never cheep. Anyhow, I won't charge them anything for their dinner," concluded my hostess. She was in advance of the usual morality of the time and place, which drew a sharp line between stealing citizens' horses and stealing horses from the government or the Indians.

RUSTLERS AND STRANGLERS.

A fairly decent citizen, Jap Hunt, who long ago met a violent death, exemplified this attitude toward Indians in some remarks I once heard him make. He had started a horse ranch and had quite honestly purchased a number of broken-down horses of different brands, with the view of doctoring them and selling them again. About this time there had been much horse stealing and cattle killing in our territory and in Montana, and under the direction of some of the big cattle growers a committee of vigilantes had been organized to take action against the rustlers, as the horse thieves and cattle thieves were called. The vigilantes, or stranglers, as they were locally known, did their work thoroughly; but, as always happens with bodies of the kind, toward the end they grew reckless in their actions, paid off private grudges and hung men on slight provocation. Riding into Jap Hunt's ranch, they nearly hung him because he had so many horses of different brands. He was finally let off. He was much upset by the incident, and explained again and again: "The idea of saying that I was a horse thief! Why, I never stole a horse in my life—leastways, from a white man. I don't count Indians nor the government, of course." Jap had been reared among men still in the stage of tribal morality, and while they recognized their obligations to one another, both the government and the Indians seemed alien bodies in regard to which the laws of morality did not apply.

ENCOUNTER IN BAD LANDS.

On the other hand, parties of savage young bucks would treat lonely settlers just as badly, and, in addition, sometimes murder them. Such a party was generally composed of young fellows burning to distinguish themselves. Some one of their number would have obtained a pass from the Indian agent allowing him to travel off the reservation, which pass would be flourished whenever their action was questioned by bodies of whites of equal strength. I once had a trifling encounter with such a band. I was making my way along the edge of the bad lands, northward from my lower ranch, and was just crossing a plateau, when five Indians rode up over the further rim. The instant they saw me they whipped out their guns and raced full speed at me, yelling and flogging their horses. I was on a favorite horse, Manitou, who was a wise old fellow, with nerves not to be shaken by anything. I at once leaped off him and stood with my rifle ready.

It was possible that the Indians were merely making a bluff and intended no mischief. But I did not like their actions, and I thought it likely that if I allowed them to get hold of me they would at least take my horse and rifle, and possibly kill me. So I waited until they were a hundred yards off, and then drew a bead on the first. Indians—and, for the matter of that, white men—do not like to ride in on a man who is cool and means shooting, and in a twinkling every man was lying over the side of his horse, and all five had turned and were galloping backward, having altered their course as quickly as so many teal ducks.

After this one of them made the peace sign, with his blanket first, and then, as he rode toward me, with his open hand. I halted him at a fair distance and asked him what he wanted. He exclaimed, "How! Me good Injun, me good Injun," and tried to show me the dirty piece of paper on which his agency pass was written. I told him with sincerity that I was glad that he was a good Indian, but that he must not come any closer. He then asked for sugar and tobacco. I told him I had none. Another Indian began slowly drifting toward me in spite of my calling out to keep back, so I once more aimed with my rifle, whereupon both Indians slipped to the other side of their horses and galloped off, with oaths that did credit to at least one side of their acquaintance with English. I now mounted and pushed over the plateau on to the open prairie. In those days an Indian, although not as good a shot as a white man, was infinitely better at crawling under and taking advantage of cover; and the worst thing a white man could do was to get into cover, whereas out in the open if he kept his head he had a good chance of standing off even half a dozen assailants. The Indians accompanied me for a couple of miles. Then I reached the open prairie and, mounting Manitou, resumed my northward ride, not being further molested.

HUNTING.

In the old days in the ranch country we depended upon game for fresh meat. Nobody liked to kill a beef, and although now and then a maverick yearling might be killed on the round-up, most of us looked askance at the deed, because if the practice of beef killing was ever allowed to start the rustlers—the horse thieves and cattle thieves—would be sure to seize on it as an excuse for general slaughter. Getting meat for the ranch usually devolved upon me. I almost always carried a rifle when I rode, either in a scabbard under my thigh or across the pommel. Often I would pick up a deer or antelope while about my regular work, when visiting a line camp or riding after the cattle. At other times I would make a day's trip after them. In the fall we sometimes took a wagon and made a week's hunt, returning with eight or ten deer carcases, and perhaps an elk or a mountain sheep as well. I never became more than a fair hunter, and at times I had most exasperating experiences, either failing to see game which I ought to have seen or committing some blunder in the stalk or failing to kill when I fired. Looking back, I am inclined to say that if I had any good quality as a hunter it was that of perseverance. "It is dogged that does it" in hunting as in many other things. Unless in wholly exceptional cases, when we were very hungry, I never killed anything but bucks.

Occasionally I made long trips away from the ranch and among the Rocky Mountains with my ranch foreman, Merrifield; or in later years with Tazewell Woody, John Willis or John Goff. We hunted bears, both the black and the grizzly, cougars and wolves, and moose, wapiti and white goat. On one of these trips I killed a bison bull, and I also killed a bison bull on the Little Missouri River some fifty miles south of my ranch on a trip which Joe Ferris and I took together. It was rather a rough trip. Each of us carried only his slicker behind him on the saddle, with some flour and bacon done up in it. We met with all kinds of misadventures. Finally one night when we were sleeping by a slimy little prairie pool, where there was not a stick of wood, we had to tie the horses to the horns of our saddles; and then we went to sleep with our heads on the saddles. In the middle of the night something stampeded the horses, and away they went, with the saddles after them. As we jumped to our feet Joe eyed me with an evident suspicion that I was the Jonah of the party, and said: "O Lord! I've never done anything to deserve this. Did *you* ever do anything to deserve this?"

In addition to my private duties, I sometimes served as deputy sheriff for the northern end of our county. The Sheriff and I crisscrossed in our public and private relations. He often worked for me as a hired hand at the same time that I was his deputy. His name, or at least the name he went by, was Bill Jones, and as there were in the neighborhood several Bill Joneses—Three Seven Bill Jones, Texas Bill Jones and the like—the Sheriff was known as Hell Roaring Bill Jones. He was a thorough frontiersman, excellent in all kinds of emergencies, and a very game man. I became much attached to him. He was a thoroughly good citizen when sober, but he was a little wild when drunk. Unfortunately, toward the end of his life he got to drinking very heavily. When, in 1905, John Burroughs and I visited the Yellowstone Park, poor Bill Jones, very much down in the world, was driving a team in Gardiner, outside the park. I had looked forward to seeing him, and he was equally anxious to see me. He kept telling his cronies of our intimacy and of what we were going to do together, and then got drinking; and the result was that by the time I reached Gardiner he had to be carried and and left in the sagebrush. When I came out of the park I sent on in advance to tell them to be sure to keep him sober, and they did so. But it was a rather sad interview. The old fellow had gone to pieces, and soon after I left he got lost in a blizzard and was dead when they found him.

Bill Jones was a gun fighter and also a good man with his fists. On one occasion there was an election in town. There had been many threats that the party of disorder would import section hands from the neighboring railway stations to down our side. I did not reach Medora, the forlorn little cattle town which was our county seat, until the election was well under way. I then asked one of my friends if there had been any disorder. Bill Jones was standing by. "Disorder, hell!" said my friend. "Bill Jones just stood there with one hand on his gun and the other pointing over toward the new jail whenever any man who didn't have a right to vote came near the polls. There was only one of them tried to vote, and Bill knocked him down. Lord!" added the friend, meditatively, "the way that man fell!" "Well," struck in Bill Jones, "if he hadn't fell I'd have walked round behind him to see what was propping him up!"

In the days when I lived on the ranch I usually spent most of the winter in the East, and when I returned in the early spring I was always interested in finding out what had happened since my departure. On one occasion I was met by Bill Jones and Sylvane Ferris, and in the course of our conversation they mentioned "the lunatic." This led to a question on my part, and Sylvane Ferris began the story: "Well, you see, he was on a train and he shot the newsboy. At first they weren't going to do anything to him, for they thought he just had it in for the newsboy. But then somebody said: 'Why, he's plumb crazy, and he's liable to shoot any of *us!*' and then they threw him off the train. It was here at Medora, and they asked if anybody would take care of him, and Bill Jones said he would, because he was the Sheriff and the jail had two rooms, and he was living in one and would put the lunatic in the other." Here Bill Jones interrupted:

"Yes, and more fool me! I wouldn't take charge of another lunatic if the whole county asked me. Why" (with the air of a man announcing an astounding discovery), "that lunatic didn't have his right senses! He wouldn't eat, till me and Snyder got him down on the shavings and *made* him eat." Snyder was a huge, happy-go-lucky, kind-hearted Pennsylvania Dutchman, and was Bill Jones's chief deputy. Bill continued: "You know, Snyder's soft-hearted, he is. Well, he'd think that lunatic looked peaked, and he'd take him out for an airing. Then the boys would get joshing him as to how much start he could give him over the prairie and catch him again." Apparently the amount of the start given the lunatic depended upon the amount of the bet to which the joshing led up. I asked Bill what he would have done if Snyder hadn't caught the lunatic. This was evidently a new idea, and he responded that Snyder always did catch him. "Well, but suppose he hadn't caught him?" "Well," said Bill Jones, "if Snyder hadn't caught the lunatic I'd have whaled hell out of Snyder!"

Under these circumstances Snyder ran his best and always did catch the patient. It must not be gathered from this that the lunatic was badly treated. He was well treated. He became greatly attached to both Bill Jones and Snyder, and he objected strongly when, after the frontier theory of treatment of the insane had received a full trial, he was finally sent off to the territorial capital. It was merely that all the relations of life in that place and day were so managed as to give ample opportunity for the expression of individuality, whether in sheriff or ranchman. The local practical joker once attempted to have some fun at the expense of the lunatic, and Bill Jones described the result. "You know Bixby, don't you? Well," with deep disapproval, "Bixby thinks he is funny, he does. He'd come and he'd wake that lunatic up at night, and I'd have to get up and soothe him. I fixed Bixby all right, though. I fastened a rope on the latch, and next time Bixby came I let the lunatic out on him. He 'most bit Bixby's nose off. I learned Bixby!"

Bill Jones had been unconventional in other relations besides that of sheriff. He once casually mentioned to me that he had served on the police force of Bismarck, but he had left because he "beat the Mayor over the head with his gun one day." He added: "The Mayor, he didn't mind it, but the Superintendent of Police said he guessed I'd better resign." His feeling, obviously, was that the Superintendent of Police was a martinet, unfit to take large views of life.

SETH BULLOCK.

It was while with Bill Jones that I first made acquaintance with Seth Bullock. Seth was at that time Sheriff in the Black Hills district, and a man he had wanted—a horse thief—I finally got, I being at the time deputy sheriff two or three hundred miles to the north. The man went by a nickname which I will call "Crazy Steve"; a year or two afterward I received a letter asking about him from his uncle, a thoroughly respectable man in a Western state, and later this uncle and I met at Washington when I was President and he a United States Senator. It was some time after "Steve's" capture that I went down to Deadwood on business, Sylvane Ferris and I on horseback, while Bill Jones drove a wagon. At a little town, Spearfish, I think, after crossing the last eighty or ninety miles of gumbo prairie, we met Seth Bullock. We had had rather a rough trip, and had lain out for a fortnight, so I suppose we looked somewhat unkempt. Seth received us with rather distant courtesy at first, but unbent when he found out who we were, remarking, "You see, by your looks I thought you were some kind of a tin-horn gambling outfit, and that I might have to keep an eye on you!" He then inquired after the capture of "Steve"—with a little of the air of one sportsman when another has shot a quail that either might have claimed—"My bird, I believe?" Later Seth Bullock became, and has ever since remained, one of my stanchest and most valued friends. He served as marshal for South Dakota under me as President. When, after the close of my term, I went to Africa, on getting back to Europe I cabled Seth Bullock to bring over Mrs. Bullock and meet me in London, which he did; by that time I felt that I just had to meet my own people, who spoke my neighborhood dialect.

DOING IT FIRST.

When serving as deputy sheriff I was impressed with the advantage the officer of the law has over ordinary wrongdoers, provided he thoroughly knows his own mind. There are exceptional outlaws, men with a price on their heads and of remarkable prowess, who are utterly indifferent to taking life, and whose warfare against society is as open as that of a savage on the warpath. The law officer has no advantage whatever over these men save what his own prowess may—or may not—give him. Such a man was Billy the Kid, the notorious man killer and desperado of New Mexico, who was himself finally slain by a friend of mine, Pat Garrett, whom, when I was President, I made Collector of Customs at El Paso. But the ordinary criminal, even when murderously inclined, feels just a moment's hesitation as to whether he cares to kill an officer of the law engaged in his duty. I took in more than one man who was probably a better man than I was with both rifle and revolver; but in each case I knew just what I wanted to do, and, like David Harum, I "did it first," whereas the fraction of a second that the other man hesitated put him in a position where it was useless for him to resist.

THE MEANING OF GREEK LETTER FRATERNITIES

Continued from first page.

fraternity, Zeta Psi, which has far outgrown its fellow, Sigma Phi, in both numbers and territory, and thoroughly disproved the theory that a fraternity could not exist where "the students met only at recitations." Its membership runs up to more than 7,500, and its chapter houses roam over the country from Toronto to California. The fraternity frankly admits that "good fellowship" is its chief aim.

Delta Psi, formed at Columbia at about the same time—early in 1847—and also with an avowed aim of "social fitness," also endeavored to engage the attention of the boys at the university, but this joint work was soon replaced by a single chapter at Columbia, where the society has had an undisturbed distinction of being an aristocratic and well mannered as well as a well rated lot of scholars for nearly sixty years.

Chi Phi, having the honor of being the first established fraternity in America (Princeton, 1824)—barring, of course, Phi Beta Kappa—had so disjointed an existence during its first thirty years that it was not until 1854 that it emerged from its dormant state and took place among the active fraternities of the country. The fraternity has been governed by its conventions, made up of delegates from the active chapters, and by a grand lodge, or "council," composed of five officers, a chief executive and four members appointed by him. There are between 5,700 and 5,900 alumni of the fraternity. Chi Phi clubs exist in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Atlanta and San Francisco.

Chi Psi, started at Union in 1841, has over five thousand members, and has always been very active socially and has held good college honors. Speaker Reed was one of its most active members. Dean Grosvenor, of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, is another. Beta Theta Pi was the first fraternity originated west of the Alleghanies. It was founded at Miami, in the summer of 1839. It is the largest fraternity in America, has seventy-two chapters and nearly twenty thousand members. During the Civil War its members were divided by the opinions entertained by them. The Western reserve chapter enlisted in a body on the Union side, and the Hampden-Sidney, Washington and Lee and Cumberland chapters sent their entire membership into the Confederate army. Justices Harlan, Matthews and Brewer, Senators B. Gratz Brown, Matthew S. Quay and Boies Penrose, the late John S. Wise, Aimaro Sato, Japanese Minister to Mexico, and President Patterson of the National Cash Register are on its membership list.

Kappa Sigma, a large Southern fraternity, was founded in the University of Virginia in 1869. A dozen other frats were flourishing there at the time, but it seemed wise to the little coterie of "five friends and brothers" (as the founders were called) to build up a new structure, which they and their followers did so successfully that it has to-day the largest number of chapters of any fraternity. Although primarily an institution for the South, it has run over into New England, and gone into Colorado and California. William G. McAdoo is a representative member.

Phi Delta Theta is another of the larger fraternities founded in the West. With seventy-four active chapters and a membership of over eighteen thousand, it built the first chapter house owned by a fraternity in the South. President Benjamin Harrison and Vice-President A. E. Stevenson, Secretary Vilas and Senator Blackburn, Eugene Field, William Allen White and Brigadier General Frederick Funston are on the membership roster.

Phi Gamma Delta, formed at Jefferson College, claims among its members Vice-Presidents Fairbanks and Marshall, Lew Wallace, John Clark Ridpath and S. S. McClure.

Phi Kappa Psi, founded at the same college three years later, was made possible "and "imperative" by an outbreak of typhoid fever at the college. The friendship formed between the sick and those who ministered unto them was cemented by the formation of this first chapter, which is the first of forty-three. Joseph B. Foraker, "Chaplain McCabe," S. C. T. Dodd, counsel for the Standard Oil Company; Dr. Ernest M. Stires, of St. Thomas's Church, New York City; Robert J. Burdette and Colonel Dudley Evans, president of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, and Clay Clement, actor, are claimed as followers of the "pink and lavender."

Another fraternity that drew largely from the South is the Phi Kappa Sigma, founded at Pennsylvania in 1850. Its twenty-seven chapters are all active. It has alumni chapters at New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta and Harrisburg. United States Senator Henry A. du Pont, Bishop Tuttle, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Colonel William Jay, of New York, and Maxfield Parrish, the artist, are and were Phi Kappa Sigs.

Delta Tau Delta, starting in the little College of Bethany, West Virginia, without even a positively known date, has grown to a membership of over 11,000 and has a chapter roll of fifty-six. Speaker Champ Clark, the Rev. William Manning, of Trinity Church, New York; Will Carleton and Bartholomew, the cartoonist, are featured at the banquet lists of past and present Delta Tau Deltas.

The anti-secret society, Delta Upsilon, occupies an extremely interesting position among college fraternities. Starting as an avowed rival to the secret fraternity idea and gathering up a collection of four "antis" that had had separate existences for many years—the first known society being the "Social Fraternity," which was in operation at Williams as early as 1834—a convention was held in Troy, N. Y., in 1847 and an organization effected called the "Anti-Secret Confederation." The word "fraternity" had become by this time so popular to the ears of all college men that it was soon found that the men opposed to the idea were gradually being metamorphosed into fraternity men in spite of themselves; the word "anti" was changed to "non" secret, and in 1858 the "confederation" became a "fraternity," six years later the Greek letters were assumed and from that time on the former anti-fraternity became as nearly like the other and secret frats as it could without actually having a grip and secret meetings.

The next instalment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" will be a continuation of the present subject. It will appear in the issue of July 13.

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